1688

The SPEAKER.

A

POEM

Inscrib'd to *Alan Brodrick*, Esq; Speaker to the *Honourable House of Commons*, Met at *Dublin*, *November* the 25th, 1713. Before his Grace the Duke of *Shrewsbury*.

LAtely I walkt towards the *College-Green*,
Blest with a faithful Friend, and thoughts Serene;
A Friend the best Possession of my Days,
Ease of my Pain, and Heightner of my Joys:
Sauntring we went, and softly past among
A Various, Motly, and Discording Throng.
The Brows of some shew'd Clouds, and as they go,
From Poison'd Hearts they Execrations throw.

Others with daring Air and Gesture wild,
Threaten Revenge [illegible]

Other

Others with gentle Mein, and Air that's mild,
Correct their Follies with a Wiseman's smile:
Not Pet'lant these, or vainly lifted high
With light Success, and doubtful Hopes of Victory.

We Sauntred on, and saw a Mansion Neat,
Projected well, the Artist's Skill compleat:
But ah! 'tis said, the bottom will be found
To stand on dirty, and on rotten Ground.

Farther we went, and saw an Effigy,
On [illegible] Pedestal, 'twas mounted high.
'Twas Great *Nassau*, bridling his Prancer strong,
As He's describ'd in *Garth*'s Immortal Song.
'Twas he I saw that Truncheon in his Hand
Fierce Armies, and great Nations could Command.
[illegible] The Verdant Laurel wreath'd around,
The mighty Conqueror's Sacred Temples bound;
Laurels at *Boyne*, and at *Namure* he won,
And ne're before the Victory put on.

We walkt, the Croud grew thick, we saw the Dome
Where *Ireland*'s Sons and Patriots wont to come;
There Comely Persons Decent Shape and Mein,
Majestick Air, and Polish't *Manier*'s seen:
Three Hundred Men from all the parts Select,
To make good Laws, and Villanies detect:
The Grave and Wise are ever few, but here
Th' Effects of Thought, and Prudence too, appear.

High o're the rest Great *Brodrick* mounts the Chair,
Mysterious was his Countenance and Air:
He spake, the list'ning and admiring Throng
Hung on the Charming Musick of his Tongue.

Great

Great Storm of Wit! Full Tide of Eloquence!
Bold and Clear Spirit! Bright Fire! And fruitful Sense!
Kind Patron of the Juſt and Injur'd Good!
Terror of Vice! Avenger of the Guiltleſs Blood!
Illuſtrious All ——! Happy and Laſting Name!
How ſhall I reach thy Lofty Soaring Fame!
Brodrick forgive, if whilſt I ſtrive to Raiſe,
My Erring Muſe ſhould wrong thy wondrous Praiſe.

Ambitious are my Hopes, my Raptur'd Mind
To *Pyndar's*, or *Maonian* Heights Inclin'd;
Would mount aloft, and high Exalt your Name,
And fix among the Stars your ſhining Name.

Brodrick I burn! I feel the Raging Fire,
Glow in my Breaſt, and tow'ring Thoughts Inſpire;
With pleaſing Pain, and eaſy Toil I'm drill'd along,
Smitten with Love of Virtue and Heroick Song.
The *Buoyant* Tide ſupports my Muſe, and fills her Sails,
The Rolling Verſe flows like a Torrent down the Vales.

Mirror of Eloquence! Illuſtrious Shade!
Lift up great *Tully*, Raiſe thy Rev'rend Head.
See Roman Eloquence and Right Revives,
Conſul obſerve, thy Genius in our *Speaker* Lives.
Perfidious Cits conſpiring with the *Gaul*
To overturn the State, and *Rome* Enthrall:
Drove by th' Alarums of thy dreadful Tongue,
Broken and Scatter'd to Perdition run;
Great *Cicero* they fell beneath thy Hand,
And yeilded to the Senate's dire Command!

Cato thy Virtue Lives, thy Wit, thy Brow, and all
We think we hear Thee Thund'ring in the Capitol;
Thy Justice, Wisdom, and Thy Generous Rage
Are now presented on the Noblest Stage.

Good *Humphry* thus, on whose Important Fate
Hung *Henry*'s Reign, and safety of the State:
With Justice keen, and Prudence piercing Eyes,
Saw thro' th' Impostors Frauds and Perjuries;
Whilst Knaves with Shams the easy Prince deceive,
And make with Lies their Superstition live.
Glocester unmasks the Cogning, Cheating Knaves,
And just Rewards Assigns unto the Slaves.

Divert no more, my Muse, the *Speaker's* Mind
To Publick Cares and Noblest Acts Assign'd.
Enough my Minion Muse, Exhaust no more
The flowing Vein, or draw the spending Store,
Thou dost suck my Blood, and leav'st my wasted Spirits poor.

FINIS.

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